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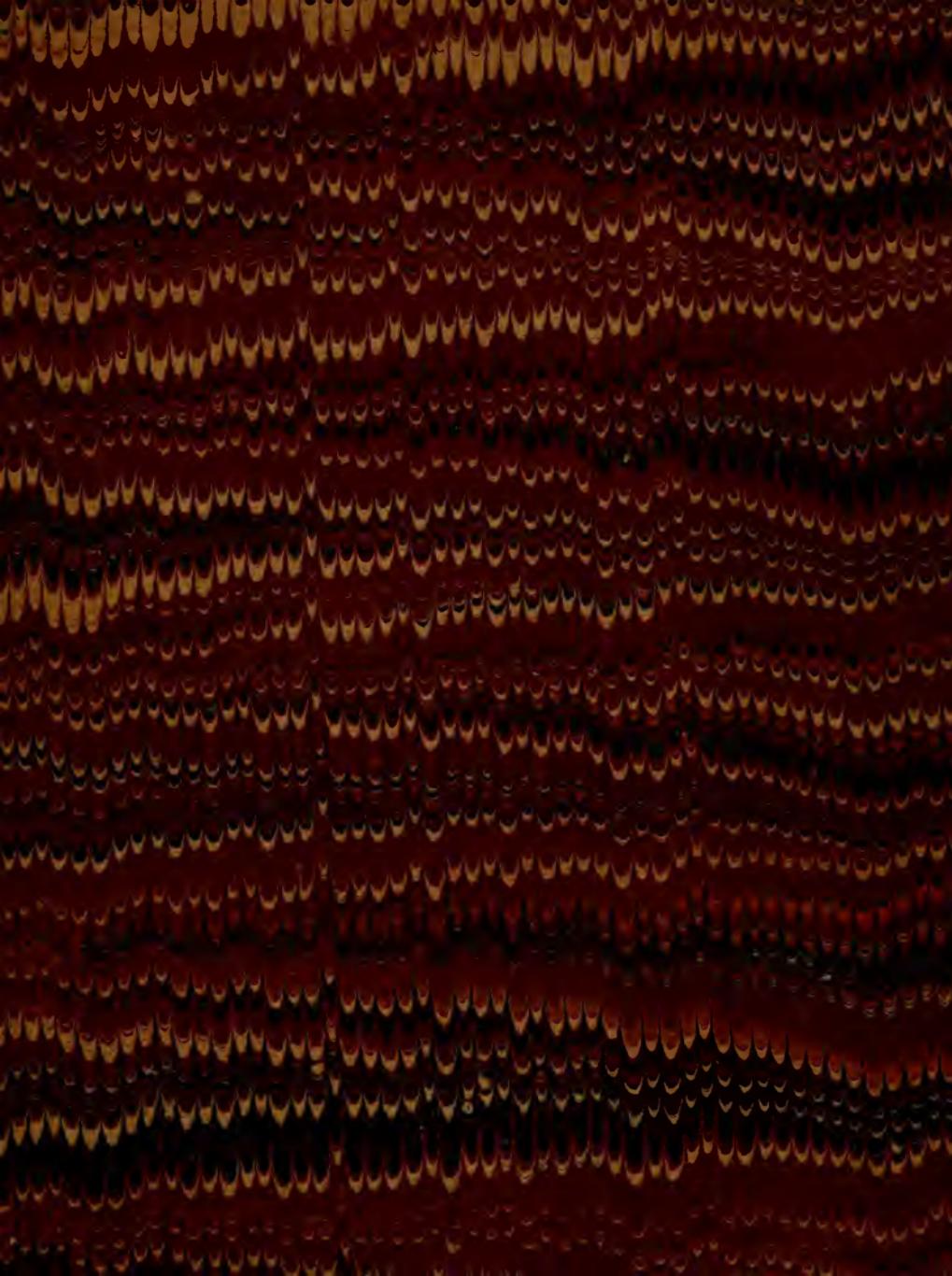


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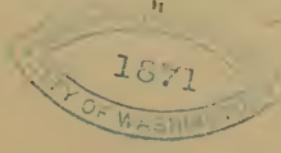


The Boston Pip,

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY

FRED. W. LORING.



L O R I N G , P u b l i s h e r ,

COR. BROMFIELD AND WASHINGTON STREETS,

B O S T O N .

1871

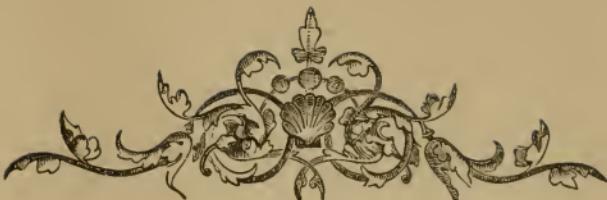
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PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THE BOSTON DIP AND OTHER VERSES.

BY FRED. W. LORING.

THIS little book contains nearly all the *vers de société* which Mr. Loring has ever written, and of which the New York *Tribune* remarks, in its correspondence from Boston, that they are noticeable as "celebrating young love with a tenderness, flavored with a certain cool humor, which might have been done by Thackeray in that fresh, earnest, enthusiastic stage of his literary career, which he depicts in *Arthur Pendennis*." The chief poem in the book is, however, entirely new, and its scene is laid partly in New York and Boston, and partly in Newport.



These Verses

ARE CORDIALLY DEDICATED

TO MY FORMER ASSOCIATES

ON THE

HARVARD ADVOCATE,

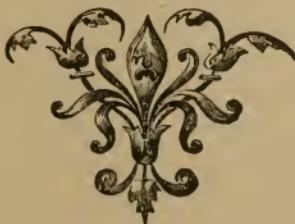
*IN WHICH MANY OF THEM WERE ORIGINALLY
PUBLISHED.*

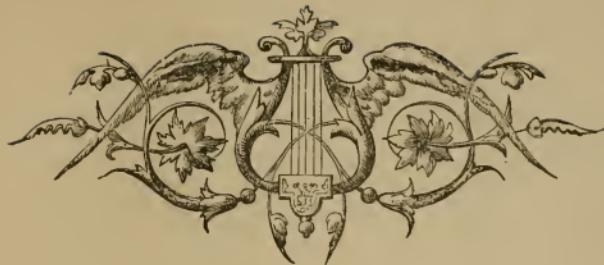




CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE BOSTON DIP	9
IN VACATION	32
HINTS FOR A CLASS-DAY ROMANCE	35
TOM TO NED	38
LOVE UP A TREE	42
THE CRIMSON AND THE BLUE	46
AT THE BOX OFFICE	49
Alice to GERTRUDE	53
THE ROMANCE OF THE RESTAURANT	57
THE FAIR MILLINGER	60





THE BOSTON DIP.

I.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE DIP.

THE progress of society
Is ever on the stride ;
Bar-rooms are generally closed,
Policeman have no pride ;
And, though we have not reached the point
When bolts are laid aside,
Yet the giddy and immoral waltz
Has ceased fore'er to glide.

No more do dancers float along,
They frantically skip ;
They tumble as if sick upon
A very buoyant ship ;
The gentle clasp around the waist
Has now become a grip,
And round and round the couples bob, —
It is the Boston Dip.

One way to dance it thoroughly
Is much champagne to sip ;
Or, — rub your boots with orange-peel
Till they are sure to slip ;
Or, — try to imitate a horse
When startled by the whip, —
In all these ways you'll meet success,
When you attempt the Dip.

II.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE DIP.

It was at a *soirée dansante*,
Given by Mrs. Grubbs,
That I first saw the dancers flop
Like elephants in tubs,
And said to lovely Alice Kay,
Whom I took out to waltz,
“ I am aware that like most men
I have my little faults,
But I have not been drinking, though
The people seem to tip.”
She laughed at that, and answered me,
“ Why, that’s the Boston Dip.”

Sweet strains of Strauss ! I hear you now
Significant *Hochzeit* !
How to the dance your melody
Did pressingly invite !
My step did not agree with hers ;
She bumped her lovely head
Three times against my blonde mustache,
And our four cheeks grew red ;
And then she disengaged herself
And said, with pouting lip,
“I really cannot dance with you, —
You do not know the Dip.”

I sulked, — I don’t defend myself,
Although it was not nice, —
Until at supper, Alice said,
Absorbing strawberry ice, —

In very much the sort of way
That zephyrs feed on dew,—
“ I have a little favor, which
I’d like to ask of you.”
I turned, delighted,— with those words
She had me on the hip,—
And then she said, persuasively,
“ *Please learn the Boston Dip.*”

“ Please learn ! ” Good heavens ! at those words
My heart beat rataplan ;
For her sweet sake, I would have tried
The wildest French cancan,—
The jig, the clog, the breakdown, or
The stately minuet,
The fierce fandango, or the fine
And dainty pirouette.

Nay, even had St. Vitus then
Laid upon me his grip,
I would have danced his step with joy,
I blessed the Boston Dip.

I seized her hand,—I do hate slang,
But I was a gone coon,—
I squeezed the little prisoner
And crushed a macaroon.
My gloves were ruined, but my heart
Was wonderfully light ;
And I cannot distinctly tell
What else occurred that night.
Oh, joy, in the too shallow cup
Of youth and love to sip !
I kept repeating to myself,
“ The Dip — the Boston Dip.”

Velvet and swansdown and perfume !
Her carriage rolled away,
And I walked through the silent streets
The stars made shine like day.
The *Hochzeit Klangthen* I hummed,
Which in such rhythm swings,
And, as I sang, it seemed to me
The stars waltzed round in rings !
The Great and Little Bears both seemed
In harmony to skip ;
I made this idiotic joke, —
“ The Dipper does the Dip ! ”

III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT, AND ITS RESULTS.

“Parties desiring to learn the new step, THE BOSTON DIP, can have private instruction given them by calling on F. Le Jambais, 21 Butternut St., Boston.” — *Extract from daily papers.*

Butternut St. I had always admired,
Because it seemed so very retired ;
And thither my way
I took the next day,
And for Monsieur F. Le Jambais inquired.

“Monsieur,” the servant remarked, “was out,”
But Mademoiselle Fifine, without a doubt,
The servant knew,
Was able to do
Whatever business I came there about.

Mademoiselle Fifine came airily in ;
She was not, like many French women, thin,
 But plump and petite,
 And decidedly neat,
With a charming smile that was never a grin.

“ Ah,” said mademoiselle, “ you come for ze Dip ;
Oh, I knew it well ere you open your lip.
 Monsieur, votre bras !
 I teach ze pas,
Now be of care zat you make not slip ! ”

Who so charming as Mademoiselle Fifine !
She had, when she moved, an enchanting mien,
 And when she stood still
 A delightful thrill
Seemed to pervade the Arcadian scene.

For she dressed in the most bewitching suits,
Her skirt just looped up to show her boots ;
 Her dainty grace
 And her pretty face,
I almost forgot were forbidden fruits.

Three times a week I went to Fifine ;
Her father I haven't to this day seen ;
 He was always away,
 When I went each day,
And without his aid we were all serene.

I found I improved in the Dip each day ;
Alice declared I was quite *au fait* ;
 But I've too much pride
 To be satisfied,
When I've not learned a thing in a thorough way.

Mademoiselle Fifine sent in her bill,
Which I paid at once with cheerful will,
And wrote her a note,
Which I put in my coat,
As I went an engagement with Alice to fill.

It never rains but 'tis sure to pour ;
I dropped that letter upon the floor.

“ À Mademoiselle Fifine !
What can this mean ? ”

Said Alice, and then she read the words o'er : —

“ *Chere et charmante Fifine ; — Toujours*
Je remettrai les plus heureuses jours,
Que je passe
Dans votre société ” —

“ Miss Kay,” said I, “ that note isn't yours ! ”

Then Alice arose, like an angry elf,
And laid me completely on the shelf;
 “You are,” sobbed she,
 “No more to me ;
So go to Fifine and enjoy yourself.”

It was in vain I tried to explain ;
She sailed from the room, all my words were vain.
 I was in despair ;
 I wanted to swear,
And I left for New York in the very next train.

A hermit’s life there I meant to lead,
In which attempt I did not succeed ;—
 Parties and balls,
 And opera stalls,
To keep me lively, all seemed agreed.

And, worst of all, I was forced to teach
To every New York belle within my reach
That curséd Dip,
Which each fair lip
Seemed bound to gush over, in feminine speech.



IV.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday, — A German I was at,
Just off Fifth Avenue ;
I cared not for the hollow show,
Though I stayed there till two.
That heart that once is seared cannot
Feel an emotion twice ;
And so I said to Milly Bangs,
Whom I find very nice.

*Tuesday,— I drove with Milly Bangs
Up in the Central Park ;
How sweet is woman's sympathy
When all one's life is dark,
And through the heartless, selfish crowd,
The sad one moves alone !
Milly has cheered me, and I think
Her hair is all her own.*

*Wednesday,— I dined with Papa Bangs ;
My feelings they were hurt ;
Milly, with such a soulless fop,
Seemed quite inclined to flirt.
Well, she was never aught to me ;
But women have no hearts ;
Thank Heaven, I can calmly smile
At their amusing arts !*

Thursday, — Saw Lester Wallack play

His favorite part in *Ours*;

Milly went with me, and the air

Seemed redolent of flowers.

I find I have misjudged that girl; —

Her nature's really true;

She has the freshness of a bud

Just tipped with morning dew.

Friday, — I have decided that

My summer shall be spent

In Newport, though I do not care

Where I am ever sent.

Life is a dreary blank to me,

And nowhere can I view

A spot that interests or charms; —

She's going to Newport too.

Saturday, — That disgusting fop,
That Mr. Enderive,
Who is so very commonplace,
Took Milly out to drive.
I do not care,— as I have said,
She ne'er was aught to me,—
She's going with me to vespers, though,
To-morrow after three.

Sunday, — Again life smiles on me ;
Milly is mine for aye ;
After the service, I proposed
This ever-blessed day.
One trifle, though, my heart disturbs,
But nonsense,— let it slip,—
She's promised to teach Enderive
That fatal Boston Dip.

V.

AT NEWPORT.

It was at Newport my romance
Of drives and dips and dances ended,—
The surf, the air, the drives, the hops,
All my desires and aims befriended.
Business detained me in New York,
So I could not come on with Milly ;
And when we met upon the beach
I fancied she looked rather silly.

For she was then in bathing dress,
Her pretty head in oiled-silk swathing,
With that infernal Enderive
Just on the point of going in bathing.

Some other charming girls were there,
And Milly, quite devoid of malice,
Not knowing what she did, to me
Then introduced one. It was Alice !

We stood a moment in surprise,
Then a big wave knocked Alice over ;
I picked her up, she cleared her eyes
And recognized her former lover.
I was prepared for cold disdain,
Or any greeting she might give me ;
Instead of that, she softly said,
“ Dick, I was wrong,—won’t you forgive me ? ”

I looked around for Milly, then,
And wasn’t sorry that I missed her ;
No one was looking at us two ;
The waves dashed round us and I kissed her.

Then, recollecting what had passed,
Like one who passion firmly smothers,
I stood impressive in the surf,
And said, "Alas, I am another's!"

Her friends by this time called to her ;
She said, "Good-by, I'm at the 'Ocean.'"
Said I, "I'll call there by and by ;
You still shall have a friend's devotion."
We parted. Milly pouted some,
But what struck me as rather curious,
Was, that that tiresome Enderive
Seemed at my tête-à-tête quite furious.

That night explained it. As I came
From supper, meaning to go calling
On Alice at the Ocean House,
I stumbled on a sight appalling.

On the piazza Milly sat,
Unconscious that I did behold her ;
Enderive's arm was round her waist,
And her false head was on his shoulder.

She looked so pretty that at first
My anger ceased ; I stood admiring ;
And then my righteous wrath was roused,
With rage I fairly was perspiring.
I heard him say, “ Would I were free !
But I must keep my word of honor,
And I'm engaged to Alice Kay ;
My loss would be too hard upon her.”

I stood before them at those words.
She squeaked, and fled in consternation,
And then I said to Enderive,
“ Sir, I demand an explanation ;

Choose place and weapons for yourself ;
Broadsword or rapier, pistol, rifle ;
How dare you with my Alice's —
I mean my Milly's — heart thus trifle ? ”

“ Look here, old fellow,” he replied,
“ You know you're talking rather wildly ;
Have a cigar, sit down and smoke,
I always like to take things mildly.
You're fond of Alice, — don't say no !
And not averse to Milly, either, —
Which had you rather I should have ? ”
Excitedly, I answered, “ Neither.”

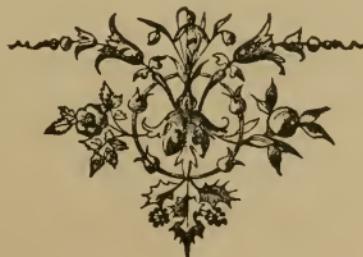
“ Now come, by Jove,” said Enderive,
“ I shall take one, and you the other.”
Before I could reply, a note
Was handed me by Milly's brother.

It was emphatic, though 'twas brief;
“ Henceforth, all's at an end between us ! ”
I handed it to Enderive,
Said he, “ You oughtn't to have seen us ! ”

Just as he spoke, a servant came,
Bearing a small three-cornered letter.
I saw his face change as he read,
And knew that he had fared no better.
“ Have you been turned off by Miss Kay ? ”
I asked, as he looked rather sappy.
Said he, “ Well, I prefer Miss Bangs ; ”
Said I, “ Then take her and be happy ! ”

And that's the way affairs stand now ;
Alice is mine, and we agree so,
That, though we're very much engaged,
I cannot tell how long we'll be so.

So over all the four of us
I hereby haste to drop the curtain,
Though Enderive's engaged like me,
Both life and Milly are uncertain.





IN VACATION.

DEAR little maiden with brown eyes,
If you should know you were so near me,
How great would then be your surprise !

Perhaps you then would almost fear me ;
You blushed so on the beach to-day,
When you observed how close I eyed you :
That was to-day, and here to-night
I'm put into the room beside you.

Only a wall between us now,
And I can hear you just as plainly
Rustling about : — I don't see how
I made myself look so ungainly,

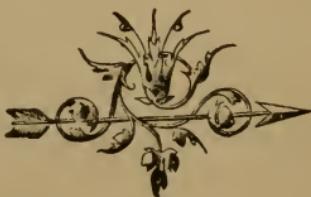
Staring at you to-day ; — but then
You would take any fellow's eyes ; —
To-morrow I'll get introduced,
And then I will apologize.

I know my conduct was quite rude,
Still its effect can be amended ;
And then I don't believe you could
Have been so very much offended ; —
I hear her at her trunks ; of course,
That's a sure sign of coming sorrow, —
So many dresses taken out,
So many victims for to-morrow.

Outside, the kisses of the moon
Silver the waves along the bay ; —
Inside, she wonders if maroon
Looked well with her brown eyes to-day.

I see the clouds flit through the sky,
I see the breakers dashing merry :
She looks on dresses hung around,
And revels in her millinery.

I'm getting sleepy. So is she ;
I hear her yawn. These nice thin walls
They build in houses by the sea,
Make one hear every sound that falls.
Good-night, mademoiselle ! Oh, dream of me,
Whose queen, for weeks to come, thou art !
And then wake up to flirt again.
I'm yours ; so come and break my heart.





HINTS FOR A CLASS-DAY ROMANCE.

FURNISHED FROM EXPERIENCE.

LET him be tall and neatly built,
With promising mustache ;
Let her be very blonde, indeed,
Modest, yet with some dash ;
And let it be at once assumed
Both are supplied with cash.

So much for persons ; — now for time, —
Class day, his Junior year.

He sees her, and his heart is gone ;
A Senior brings him near,

And he is introduced ; — her name
He doesn't clearly hear.

But still he waltzes and he flirts,
Until it grows quite late,
And her mamma departs with her ; —
He sees her to the gate,
And a ribbon and a little glove
He hangs above his grate.

In winter, — in vacation time, —
On to New York he goes ;
And, when out sleighing in the Park
With some one whom he knows,
She, from a passing sleigh, a glance
Of recognition throws.

And still he does not know her name,
And still he knows her face,

Still fairer in its winter furs
Than in its summer lace ; —
And he goes off from New York that night
With a very ugly grace.

His class-day now appears in view,
His college life must end,
And his pet cousin writes, and asks
If he'll invite her friend,
Whose beauty rare will to his spread
Much grace and lustre lend.

Of course he does, — of course she proves
To be the very same
To whom he had been introduced,
But had not heard the name.
Well managed, — the conclusion can't
Be impotent or lame.



TOM TO NED.

DEAR NED, no doubt you'll be surprised,
When you receive and read this letter ;
I've railed against the married state, —
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I've met a lovely girl out here,
Her manner is, — well, very winning ;
We're soon to be, — well, Ned, my dear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride
Last Wednesday, — it was perfect weather, —
She said she couldn't possibly,
The servants had gone off together.

Hibernians always rush away
At cousins' funerals to be looking ;
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

“ Oh, let me help you,” then I cried,
“ I'll be a cooker too — how jolly ! ”
She laughed, and answered with a smile,
“ All right, but you'll repent your folly,
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple ;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple.”

She rolled her sleeve above her arm, —
That lovely arm, so plump and rounded ;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright,
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.

Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses ;
I passed a most delightful hour
Mid butter, sugar, and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle ;
She sliced the apples, filled the pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted ;
But locks would break out, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up,— her hands were doughy ;
Oh, it did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy !

She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy ;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder,
Her arch lips looked so red that I —
Well, found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month,
Come and enjoy the wedding revels ;
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils !
You'd better go for some girl's hand,
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, — just try cooking pies together.

TOM.





LOVE UP A TREE.

HERE was a seat in the apple-tree,—
A most delightful and cosey nook ;
And one afternoon, about half-past three,
Kitty sat there, reading a book ;
Her fair head bare, with no hat to mar,
And her dress just showed one dainty boot ;
And he saw her, as he smoked his cigar,
And he came and stood at the ladder's foot.

Kitty half blushed, then smiled, and said,
“ Won’t you come up and sit here now ? ”
And Kitty’s brother — a boy to dread —
Saw, and determined to raise a row ;

So he crept softly under the tree,
Listening to all that they had to say,
Did the impish brother, and, sly as could be,
Seized the ladder and bore it away.

Then they saw him, and she, with a frown,
Said, "What will that awful boy do next?"
And she called him the greatest scamp in town ;
Yet I don't believe she was very much vexed,
For her lips half smiled, though her eyes half cried,
As she saw the position of matters now,
And he came over and sat by her side,
Leaving his seat on the opposite bough.

What could they do? They were captive there,
Held as if by an iron band ;
Kitty tossed back her golden hair,
And reflectively leaned her cheek on her hand.

“ If,” said he, “ we for help should call,
They’d laugh to see us in such a plight ;
So we’d better stay here till the shadows fall,
Or till some one or other comes in sight.”

And some one did come. It was Kitty’s papa,
Who past the tree his footsteps traced,
And saw, through the leaves, a lit cigar,
And a masculine arm round a feminine waist.
Kitty looked down and blushed at one,
And then looked up and blushed at the other ;
Said the father, “ These are nice goings-on ! ”
Said Kitty, “ ’Twas all the fault of my brother.”

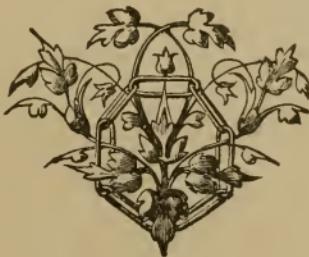
What was the end? I’ll tell you that.
Some weeks after, midst silks and lace
And ribbons and ruches, some ladies sat,
Who were discussing time and place,

As to where,— so ran their debate,—

And when, a certain wedding should be;

Then that impish brother was heard to state,

“ It had better come off in the apple-tree.”





THE CRIMSON AND THE BLUE:

AN INCIDENT OF THE WORCESTER REGATTA.

HER brother was a man of Yale,
A member of the crew ;
And so she came the race to see,
Festooned with bows of blue,
When a horrid, crimson Harvard boy
Stood just within her view.

They started, — and the crowd was wild ;
She felt herself grow pale ;
Still, as that boy yelled “Harvard ! ” forth,
She sung out “Yale ! Yale !! Yale !!!”

And the boats shot past, and no one knew
Which would at last prevail.

“ Oh, which is leading now ? ” she cried,
Unmindful of the showers
Which poured upon her gauzy robes
And her little hat’s blue flowers.

Then that Harvard boy turned round and said,
“ I’m afraid that it is ours ! ”

It was so very gracefully
And delicately said,
That, beneath her eyes of true Yale blue,
Her cheeks flushed Harvard red,
And all of her antipathy
To that Harvard boy had fled.

That evening, her big brother said,
“ It still has been of use,

Our coming here, though I admit
The Harvards cooked our goose,
Since I have met a Harvard friend,
Whom I must introduce.”

And so he did. Again the red
Rushed over her sweet face ;
Again she thought that Harvard boy
Showed gentlemanly grace,
And, in spite of her spoiled dress, declared
Worcester a charming place.

• • • • •

I know two lovers, but their names
To tell I do refuse ;
And a new engagement is announced,
But I will not say whose,
And will simply offer, as a toast,
“ The Crimsons and the Blues ! ”



AT THE BOX OFFICE.

HE lived up town, — a brown stone case
Enclosed my jewel bright and fair ;
And when I visited the place
I ne'er could do a thing but stare
And let her talk, — I could not speak
The slightest bit of news upon ;
And thus stood matters one March week,
When Maggie Mitchell played *Fanchon*.

She raved of Maggie at great length,
Declared that she must go some night ; —
So suddenly I mustered strength
This radiant being to invite,

And she accepted, — whereupon
I very nearly yelled “ Hurrah ! ”
I don’t know what I might have done,
But just then entered her mamma.

Good heavens ! How that piece did draw !
I had just stepped beside the rail
To give my tickets, when I saw
The state of matters and turned pale.
I’d made a change of dress throughout,
Upon this jaunt with her to come ;
I’d brought this heavenly creature out,
Leaving my pocket-book at home.

I stood there, vexed and mortified ;
’Twas cruel as it was absurd ; —
Then did a little gloved hand glide
Straight into mine, without a word,

Leaving a dainty portemonnaie,
Of pearl and gold, most quaintly made,
From which, scarce knowing what to say,
I for the evening's tickets paid.

When I sat down along with her,—
“ Now don't look so annoyed,” said she ;
“ Of course, mistakes sometimes occur,
And people lose their property.”
Confused, I answered, “ I agree,
Yet must feel vexed about it, though ;
What's yours does not belong to me.”
Said she, “ Why shouldn't it be so ? ”

She spoke unthinkingly, then blushed.
“ Oh, do you mean it ? ” straight I cried.
My wild delight she would have hushed ;
A feeble no in vain she tried,

But I'd not hear it, so at last,

"Yes,—just to keep you still," said she.

"There, there, don't hold my hand so fast,

The usher will be sure to see."

O Maggie Mitchell, I must say,

You never played as you played then;

And she remarked the other day,

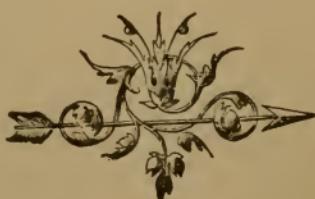
That we must see *Fanchon* again.

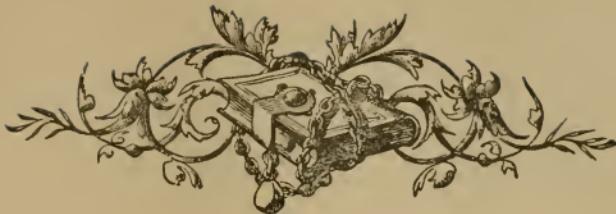
So, when you come, we shall be there,

And you shall hear her now aver,

That I, to make all matters square,

Must, on the next time, pay for her.





ALICE TO GERTRUDE.

DEAR GERTY,—Tom will give you this;
He leaves us by this evening's boat;
No chance of seeing you he'll miss,
And so I've made him take this note,
And packet too. You'll see the cape
Is half turned back, which brings in view
The rose-tint and improves the shape,
And makes the whole effect quite new.

Speaking of Tom,—you must recall,
A week before you went from town,
That waltz at Mrs. Upham's ball,
When all your lovely hair came down.

Well, Tom's not been the same since then,—
Not that he's said a word to me ;
But I'm eighteen, and I know men,
And I've got eyes, and I can see.

Two weeks ago he went away,
To spend some days at Harry Bright's ;
Mamma and I both saw our way
To set the fellow's room to rights.
So in we went. Oh, such a pile
Of clothes and books, thrown hit or miss !
But, darling,—I can see you smile,—
Midst the disorder we found this :—

TO G——.

*If your eyes were dusky gray,
Instead of azure rare ;
If your bloom should fade away,
Still would you be fair ;*

*E'en though your lovely smile went too,
Still, still would you be fair,
If you but kept your hair, my love,
If you but kept your hair.*

*When its heavy coils unrolled,
Amidst the ballroom's glare,
In a floating cloud of gold,
You stood an instant there,
And then you blushed and fled away,—
My heart went with you there ;
You bound it in your hair, my love,
In the meshes of your hair.*

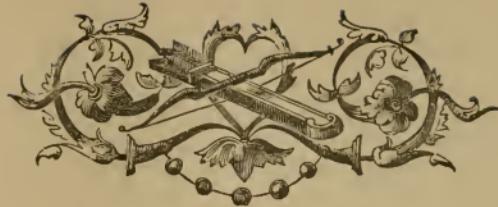
Well, dear, are you surprised, or not?
Here's a nice piece of work you've made !
*Isn't it lucky you forgot
That evening to put on your braid ?*

Tom's heart at last is really gone ;
It seems so awfully absurd !
So, darling, as affairs go on,
Be sure you often write me word.

Tom's a good fellow, you must own,
And handsome, too, as all can see ;
A better brother ne'er was known,
Than Tom has always been to me.
So, Gerty, though you'll flirt, of course,
Still give his woes a speedy end,
And, please now, don't use all your force,
For he's the brother of your friend.

ALICE.





THE ROMANCE OF THE RESTAURANT.

HE was the city editor,
Upon the "Evening Post;"
And his proprietors averred
Was in himself a host;
And his invariable lunch
Was always, "Oysters — Roast!"

For weeks he'd seen this lovely girl,
With eyes of turquoise blue,
And mourning robes, that well set off
Her hair of sunny hue;

And he had noticed, with a smile,
She took roast oysters too.

One day it chanced they sat alone
In solitary state,
Both glancing on their watches then,
As though afraid to wait,
When finally the waiter came
With but a single plate.

“The fact is, sir,” the waiter said,
“You find us at our worst;
We’re out of oysters, ma’am, just now,
We’re regularly burst;
So one of you will have to wait,—
Which was it ordered first?”

Neither could tell. The waiter then
Did blankly on them lower.

“I teach a school,” said she, “and must
Be back within an hour.”

“I certainly can’t wait,” said he,
“My work don’t leave me power.”

He bowed, and rose to leave. Then she,
Blushing a rosy hue,
Said, in a very charming way,
“ You must not say adieu ;
But stop awhile and share with me,
There’s quite enough for two ! ”

.

Why should I lengthen out the tale?
If you have not yet guessed
The true, artistic end, which made
These oyster-eaters blest,
Go ask the waiter, — he’ll be glad
To tell you all the rest.



THE FAIR MILLINGER,

A BALLAD.

BY THE WATERTOWN HORSE-CAR CONDUCTOR.

MT was a millinger most gay,
As sat within her shop ;
A student came along that way,
And in he straight did pop.

Clean shaven he, of massive mould,
He thought his looks was killing her ;
So lots of stuff to him she sold :
“ Thanks ! ” says the millinger.

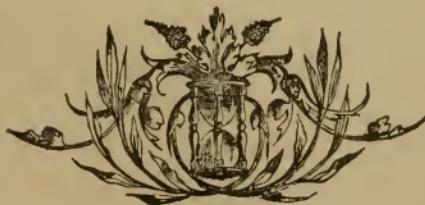
He loafed around and seemed to try
On all things to converse ;
The millinger did mind her eye,
But also mound his purse.
He tried, then, with his flattering tongue,
With nonsense to be filling her ;
But she was sharp, though she was young :
“ Thanks ! ” says the millinger.

He asked her to the theatre,
They got into my car ;
Our steeds were tired, could hardly stir,
He thought the way not far.
A pretty pict-i-ure she made,
No doctors had been pilling her ;
Fairly the fair one’s fare he paid :
“ Thanks ! ” says the millinger.

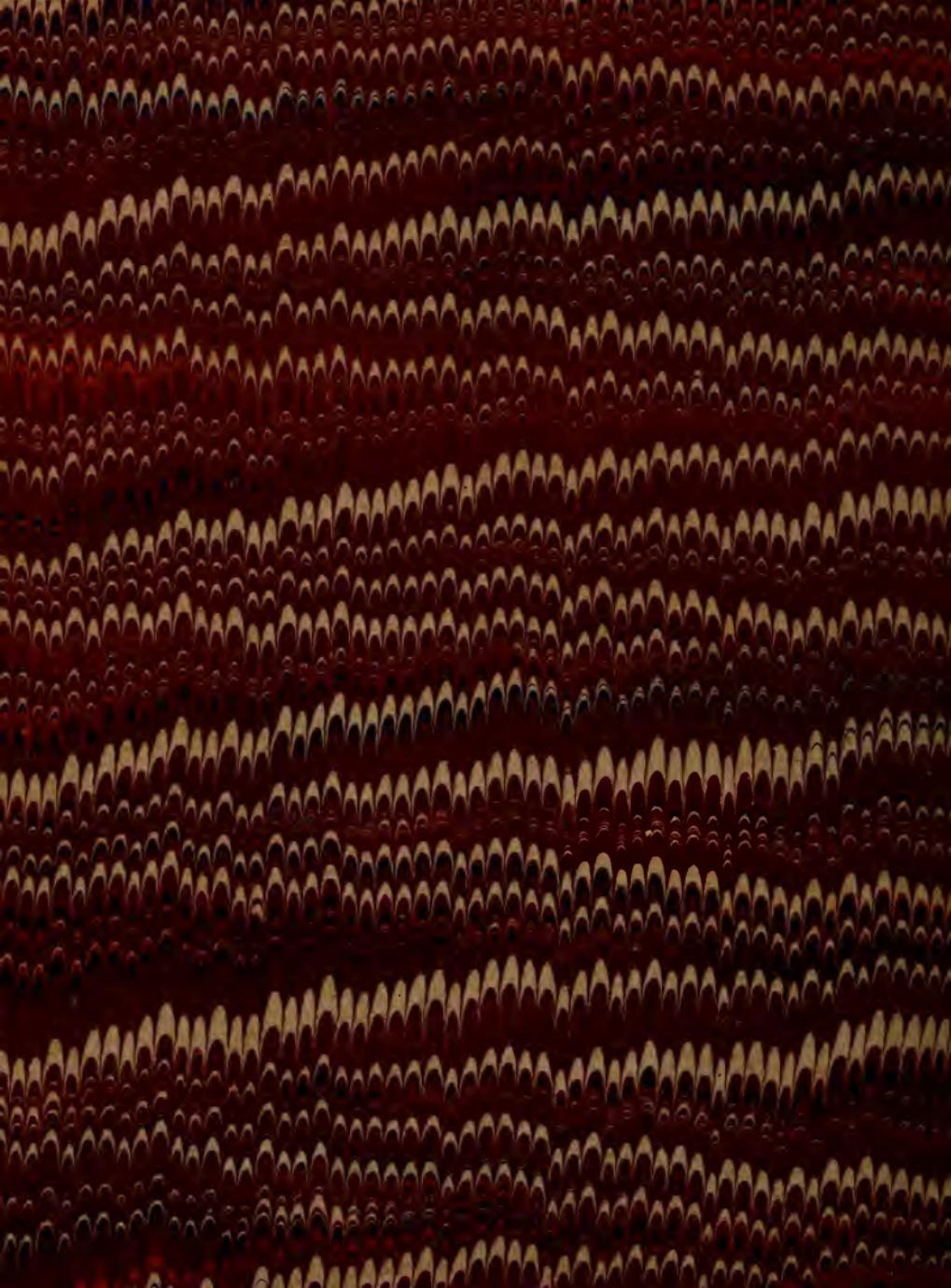
When we arrived in Bowdoin Square,
A female to them ran ;
Then says that millinger so fair,
“ Oh, thank you, Mary Ann !
She’s going with us, she is,” says she,
“ She only is fulfilling her
Duty in looking after me :
Thanks ! ” says that millinger.

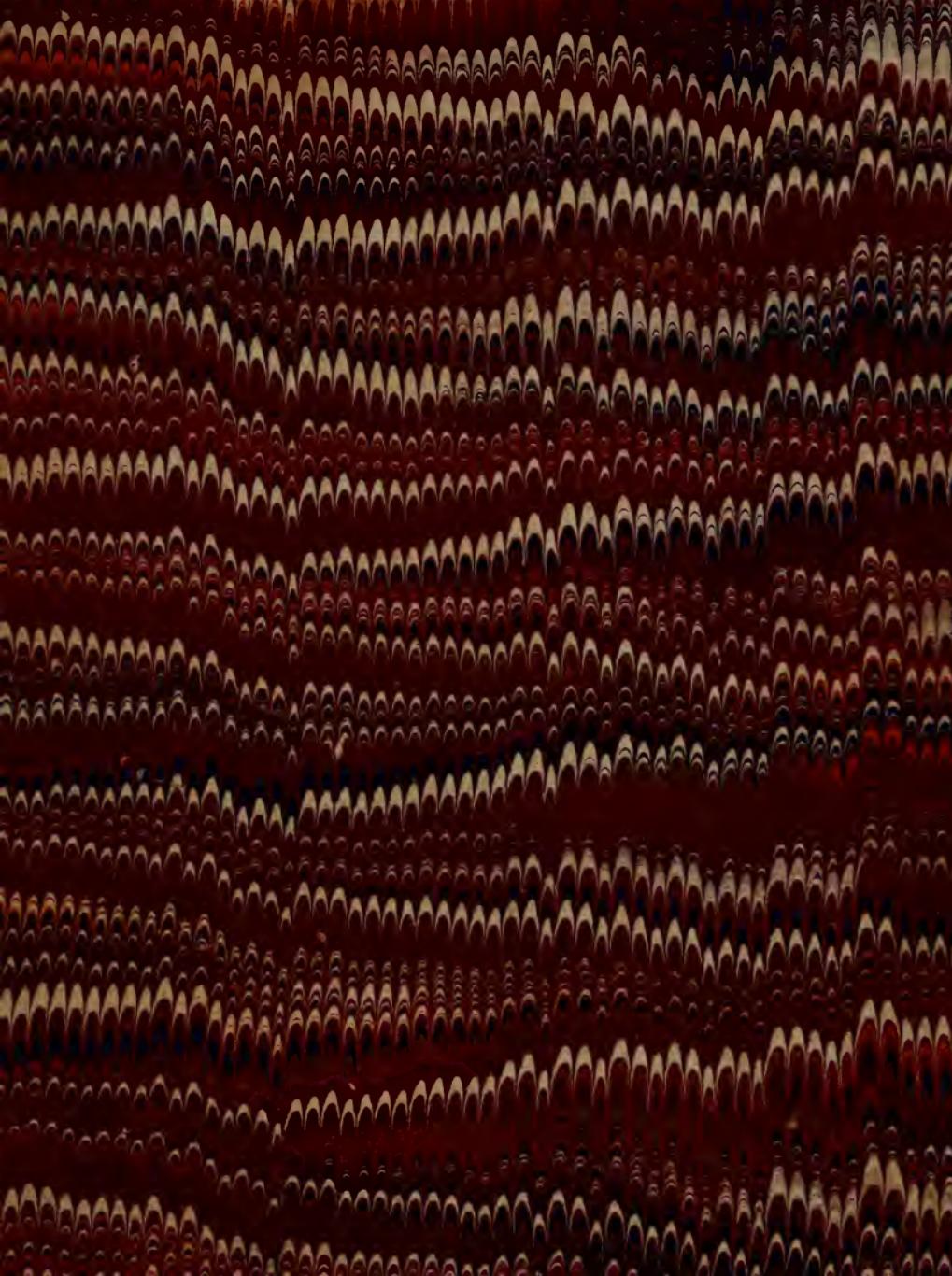
“ Why,” says that student chap to her,
“ I’ve but two seats to hand.”
“ Too bad,” replied that millinger,
“ Then you will have to stand.”
“ I won’t stand this,” says he, “ I own
The joke which you’ve been drilling her ;
Here, take the seats and go alone ! ”
“ Thanks ! ” says the millinger.

That ere much-taken-down young man
Stepped back into my car.
We got fresh horses, off they ran ;
He thought the distance far.
And she is now my better half,
And oft, when coo-and-billing her,
I think about that chap and laugh :
“ Thanks ! ” says my millinger.









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